



# HAMPDEN FREEMAN.

bring, in view of a man that enunciated dogmatical opinions, and to repeat that remark, did not think my master was being dogmatical. Now, what does that mean?"

"It means—*he's* the dogmatical people think he's *hot*—that's how they say *we* dogs?"

"Not, why should they think so?"

"Your master *accepts*?"

"My advertisement?"

"Your advertisement?"

"But I *haven't* advertised?"

Mr. Martin feigned astonishment, and requested the sausage-maker to show him a copy of the "Daily Evening Advertiser."

"I may be a *fool*," said the sign-painter, with assumed gravity, "but I think *we* are *here* yesterday, and *to-day*—"

"Say what?"

"Your advertisement, of course."

After looking over the columns of the newspaper for a moment, Martin put his finger on the following paragraph, which he pointed out to his friend the sausage-maker.

"Read this: 'Dogs...'"

"Wanted, a supply of these animals at No. B—street. For fat old dogs or tender puppies a liberal price will be paid by the subscriber."

—HOBMAN SAWYER.

As the sausage-maker ran his eye over this interesting announcement, his face brightened in color until it was nearly, if not quite, as red as a brick. He bit his lips nervously, and crushed the paper in his hands. In a moment, however, his passion was subdued, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Now, tell me honestly," said he, "how much did you pay for this advertisement?"

"How much did I pay?"

"I paid! now, Maria, don't deny it! I know that it is your work!"

"You've no reason to think so, said the sign-painter, gravely; "for my name is not to you, and I don't *as much as afford* my *mark*."

The friends laughed heartily over their jokes, and parted on excellent terms. But from that day Mr. Martin was not troubled with *official advertisements* or annoyed by *leaf signs*; and I have good authority for stating that the sausage-maker was never afterwards accused of advertising for dogs.

HAMPDEN FREEMAN.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1849.

## The President's Tour.

The tour of our Chief Magistrate to the northward thus far, has been one of peculiar and thrilling interest, both in the interior and to the thousands of bound company whom he has greeted with a soldier's frankness, and with a soldier's hearty gaiety. The *privileges* of our *elective* system, before the *distressing* times and familiar tone of the "old hero" is new before the morning sun. The causes of bitter fires are changed in the power of "God bless the old soldier general," and his wife, *now* a vigorous adult, and adorns to a fine character of an honest man.

The enthusiastic cheers of delighted thousands, blending with the blessings of returning friends, in session, unanimous only to his enemies, herald his approach to the principal towns of western Pennsylvania and New York.

No triumph has been decreed, as the Senate and people of the Roman Empire were used to do, to honor their rulers and warriors. No sedate pause to the feelings of freedom, or surfeited fowling, has been demanded. No triumphal arch has been erected, except by the fair hands and willing hearts of a free people. Yet as singular—no damage ever received on half the real pleasure experienced by our republican ruris, within the last four weeks. The people have seen and appreciated how good qualities. They feel that he is one of *themselves*—honest, of fine will, and incorruptible integrity.

But pleasure is not the only benefit resulting from this communion of the head and hand of our government. The President has taught a country rich in vegetable and mineral resources, and become acquainted with the customs, habits, customs and expenditures of the inhabitants. The mechanic has received the attention due to his all-important occupation. The merchant has been noticed in an appropriate manner. The agriculturist greets kindly, while the politicians, madcap professors, and gentlemen of leisure have been left in quiet, to pursue "the free career of their way" unannounced and unnoticed. An instance of the vicinity of the President is quite illustrative. A hardy democratic "son of the soil" being questioned in regard to Gen. Taylor, replied: "Well, I've seen old Zack, and I'll never vote for any one else. He's right, right, held by my hand, and said, 'God bless you!' and he can't be a bad man if he says that." "Poh!" replied his friend, "every one knows he's good and simple; but he's no statesman." "Well, I don't care a cent!" answered his former; "I don't know anything about your statesmen; I know that he's a first-rate man, anyhow, and I'll vote for him!"

Confidence has taken the place of wariness and doubt, and love, of hate, as the minds of thousands of honest and discerning men.

We trust that this visit will be productive of much benefit, both to the administration, and to the people. So mote it be.

[At the request and solicitation of many of its subscribers, we have to publish the article omitted in our "New York" paper, as follows:—

"Our 'New City.' This is a fine, though not a large, town, situated upon the right bank of the Connecticut river, about eight miles from Springfield, and about the same distance south from Northampton, in the middle of a beautiful and fertile region, noted far and wide for the industry of its inhabitants, its salubrious climate, and its enchanting scenery.

Nearly two years have elapsed since the first hotel was erected in this great enterprise. In that time what a change has been wrought! The quiet and rural valley, whose cellos were only aroused by the hawing of birds, and the call of the husbandman, now resounds with the click of the chisel, the crash of the hammer and sledge, and with the voices of numerous inhabitants. The scattered farm-houses have been demolished, and their places are now occupied by elegant and substantial blocks of brick and wood. Where the school boy once gambled in joyfulness, may now be seen the wide and deep water-path, and the fishery factory.

The Hadley Falls Company, incorporated with a capital of four millions of dollars, have wrought this wonderful change. They own the water privilege, together with about 1,300 acres of land adjoining. A dam is being constructed across the whole river, which, when completed, will be 1,017 feet long, 20 feet high, having a base of eighty feet, and will contain a million ten thousand feet of timber. It is built of heavy timbers, each other, and firmly bolted to the rocks on the bed of the river with iron and half bolts, and its improvement upon the old cribbing plan. It will be completed in October. No one can reasonably doubt the capacity of the present structure to withstand the mighty power of the Connecticut.

There are two feeding canals, each 100 feet wide, from 15 to 30 feet in depth, with substantial walls 9 feet thick at the bottom. The first canal, which we will call No. 1, receives the water from the dam. It runs in a "northern" direction at nearly right angles with the river, for the distance of half a mile, and is 100 feet wide. The second canal, which we will call No. 2, is 100 feet wide, and is 20 feet from the first. The water from canal No. 1, will pass through these factories, with a fall of 20 feet into a race-way canal, which takes the water in a northerly direction, and may be extended a great distance. At the lower end of canal No. 2, are plots for 30 other factories of the first class. The water from canal No. 2, will pass through these factories directly into the river.

Between canal No. 1 and the race-way canal, there is a connection by locks, through which boats may pass. There is also a connection in the same manner between canal No. 2 and the river.

The factory is nearly completed. A portion of the machinery is already in the building, while the other is in readiness at Cabotville. This factory is 900 feet long, 66 feet wide, six stories high (including the attic, and a model of these to be built). It has a space for 1,500 spindles, and will employ about 1,000 persons, including those engaged in the boarding houses. The foundations of a second factory are already laid. Each factory will have appropriate blocks, extending on the declivity west of canal No. 1. These buildings will be three stories high, well finished and pleasantly situated. Two blocks, each containing twelve tenements, are nearly completed.

I put the first east of the race-way canal, the company have finished 22 brick tenements, each two stories, which are intended for the occupied and their families, but at present are occupied by mechanics engaged upon the works with their families. A black and white, 400 by 40 feet, with a chimney 12 feet high, is already in operation. A machine shop, 415 feet long, and 90 feet wide, is under construction, and one-half of the building will be erected this season.

The company have built an immense reservoir upon the hill, capable of holding three millions of gallons, into which, water from the river, is to be forced through a 12-inch pipe; hence in dispensing pipes, it will be carried to all parts of the city. It is to be laid in stone, and will have many advantages over the Fairmount water-works at Philadelphia.

Mr. Casparus McTiguan is the contractor for the brick work, and the rapidity with which the buildings have been erected, the neatness and symmetry of the walls, are sufficient testimonies of his enterprise and ability. Mr. Alward White has the contract for the car-

riages, and the musical sheet, published monthly in New York, by M. T. Brooks & Co., \$1.25 per annum. It is a goodly and well adapted for binding. We have seen the first number, and can testify to its musical beauty, as well as to its interesting character contained in its pages, which is composed of selected and original compositions of music and poetry. Success to it! May it be as it is promised, a standard American Journal of Music and Literature.

## Vermont Election.

The Water TRUMPET.

Montgomery (Vt.) is about District No. 1, to take the place of Geo. P. Marsh in Congress, by a majority ranging from 800 to 1,100.

Both branches of the legislature are Whig. The Senate is composed of thirty members. The Whigs have certainly elected 20 of them, and the others are doubtful.

There are 940 men in the State, of whom 500 are Whig representatives, 47 free soilers, and 13 old *idle* loco.

There is but little doubt, that the State of Vermont is Whig for the first time in sixteen years!

Vermont is small, but the State of the Capital, is Whig for the first time in sixteen years!

Montgomery is, as we have seen,

the only Whig in the State, although

the upper town in the

residence, R. Shattuck, Esq., of

Montgomery, has invested about \$300,000 in that place, and has organized

the town.

The Whigs have certainly elected one of the

two portions, by a high suffi-

cient election by the river, is doubtful

whether it makes any difference.

The Whigs have taught the election

a lesson, that they will not forget.

They have proclaimed in the present

Congress, and in its administration.

They have also proclaimed

their utter desuetude, of the slaves

in it.

Most other writers describe

the place which they visit, as

the elegant, beautiful, sublime,

etc., &c., and frequently

without due discrimination

between Falls Falls in

New Haven, elegant and beau-

tiful, like the crags of Scotland,

grand, terrible, and magnifi-

cally grand, with a certain degree

when we get a view of the river.

We have here no high

hour on water, but, in

the fall, when the water is

down, we have a

fine view of the

waterfalls, and

the falls, and



## VERSE POETRY.

## All, All are Gone.

By E. R. S.

Where are the forms that clung around—  
The hearts that beat with ours,  
When childhood's laughing spirit found  
Too slow the passing hours—  
Who roamed with us—a merry band—  
With gentle-fated Spring  
Shook flowers from her lavish hand,  
And perfume from her hair!  
All, all are gone.

He, not all, but some linger yet,  
Those older hands that bring me back  
When I run to them, I expect  
Together we were young  
The dancing tread—the laughing eye,  
That shone upon us then—  
The merry shout that echoed by—  
The wish that we were men—  
All, all are gone.

We have grown old since then, my friends,  
Our leaves are wrinkled o'er;  
But men's still her magic lands,  
Reviving thoughts of yore.  
Where'er that time I ken,  
My heart beats wild and high,  
Till other thoughts creep in, and then  
A tear stands in my eye.  
For those who're gone.

We that are left—O let us hold  
Their memory round us, yet  
And let us not be grown old,  
Our early friends forget.  
As we are one by one go down,  
Let these remain still,  
Wherever the golden gates stand,  
Unto their memory fill.  
Till all are gone.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## GATHERING BLUE-BELLS.

It sometimes happens that, without any particular cause of anxiety or depression, the mind is unconsciously perplexed and weighed down; and at such seasons even a trifling detail may produce a painful effect, while our sad memories of futile regrets cannot altogether be dispelled even by the strongest exercise of our reasoning powers. I had arisen one morning to fulfil the daily round of appointed duties, but in a spiritless, disinterested, and pining mood. Feelings of the kind usually hold their way in the silent and secret recesses of the heart; for we know that it is weak and wrong to indulge in them; and we are ashamed to seek for sympathy, which indeed can be but sparingly accorded in such cases. Towards the afternoon I called forth to try the effect of a solitary ramble, knowing this to prove frequently the best restorative for a nervous or morbid temperament. In a secluded spot, from whence a gentle pastoral valley was visible, between the spreading branches of old lime-trees, overshadowing the pathway, which led onward amid a collection of mossy hillocks, on whose broken surface scantly heather tufts and delicate blue-bells were scattered, an object attracted my attention. It moved slowly, and with apparent difficulty, now disappearing behind the hillocks, then emerging and sloping down, and altogether presenting a very peculiar appearance. I saw presently that it was a human figure, which I supposed at first to be some poor misshapen child seeking for blue-bells. But although correct as to the employ, I found, on nearer approach; that the gatherer was no child, but an ugly and deformed cripple of mature years.

She supported herself on crutches, and besides the hideousness of the most unnatural distortion it is possible to imagine, added to dwarfish stature, her hump was placed face was rendered yet more ghastly by heavy lines bandages bound around it, and across her forehead. Her well-patched coarse garments were scrupulously clean, while her long white fingers were carefully stretched forth to pluck the blue-bells, which she added to her store with childlike delight.

I volunteered my assistance, and soon no one more blue-bell was to be found. She thanked me in a sweet low voice, and quietly set herself down on a bank of moss, and began to arrange her humble morsay: at first I had fancied that she was insensible, but that thought was quickly dispelled on hearing her speak, and meeting the earnest, intelligent gaze of her deeply-sunken but bright black eyes.

On sitting down to rest beside her, and inquiring if she was fond of flowers, as she so much panted to collect them, "Oh yes, ma'am!" she answered, "I love them dearly; they do me so much good, with their happy looks and sweet scents. I take them home with me, for they ease my pain when I have them near me to speak to. I am but a silly one; though I often remember Him who made both me and the flowers."

I asked where she suffered the most pain. "In my head, ma'am. It has been so ever since I can remember—sometimes better, sometimes worse; but I will sing you a song if you please, for helping me to gather this pretty, nosegray."

It was useless my requesting her to desist from the exertion; she began without heeding my remonstrance, and as if it were the return she habitually made for kindness, warbling the words of a by-gone and very beautiful ballad. An attempt at sentimental description, when speaking of this poor creature, would be like

diuers and unfeeling; yet her voice was so low and touching, and so full of gentle pathos, that as I listened to the plaintive strain and the old sad words, many painful but treasured memories were called up, and I could not restrain my tears.

Unfortunately, I had no money about me, nor could I succeed in prevailing on the actress to call at my home, which I found she must pass on returning to her temporary abiding. "She disliked entering any house, unless obliged;" but she promised to be there again to-morrow, when the blue-bells grew, and when the lengthening shadows of the pale autumnal afternoon would mark the time for her.

Her story, as she told it to me, was a short and simple one, and yet not uncommon; nor could I doubt its truth for a moment, for "the eye never deceives."

She had been an orphan since the age of sixteen. Her father, who was a woodman, had been killed by an accident before her birth, when engaged in felling trees in the New Forest. The widow supported herself and her child by singing about the country, and working in the fields when she could get work to do: for as the daughter of a wandering Welsh harpist, the gift of song and the love of roving were in her hereditary. The unhappy circumstances, however, attending the birth of her infant, had fallen heavily on the little innocent, occasioning, it was supposed, some organic derangement of the complex vessels of the head, and owing to the ignorant treatment of quacks, to whom her mother resorted, and a fall received in early infancy, marking her, in her own words, "What you see, ma'm."

When her mother died, a benevolent physician, to whom her case became known, had given her a recommendation to a London hospital, defraying her expenses thither; nature concluding that clever and multiplied advice, together with care and judicious management, might do much towards effecting a cure, or at any rate ameliorating her condition. "But after a long time," she added, "all the doctors agreed that my case was an incurable, and that fresh air and perfect freedom were the only things they could recommend as likely to ease my pain."

She told me the name of the worthy practitioner who had originally befriended her, and who had continued to allow her a small sum weekly, sufficient for her maintenance, until two years previous to the period, when death had deprived the orphan cripple of her benefactor.

Since then, walking all over England and Wales, she had supported herself by singing, when able to do so, and by the gifts of the charitable. The open air was her necessary and nutriment to her daily food, while her childlike delight in gathering wild flowers formed the sole recreation and solace of her lonely existence—lovely as that of the leper of old.

The outcast added, in a gentle deprecatory tone, but far removed from the blame of the common mendicant, and putting her hand involuntarily on her bandaged brow, "God is very good to me, for I have never wanted; and though He sees fit to send me pain, yet with the pain there is healing, for often forget I when I look on the beautiful things of His making. Indeed I am very happy; for if such fair flowers are not found on earth where the birds sing and the waters are clear, the man who does not love ill-thy will never love. He will be two selfs.

## An Old Song Recited Upon.

Mr. ROMAINE hearing a man call upon God to curse him, drove him half a crown if he would repeat a oath. The man stared.

"What art thou thinking I would curse my soul for half a crown."

Mr. ROMAINE answered—"As you did just now for nothing I could not suppose you would refuse unto it for a reward?" The poor fellow was struck with the reproach, and said—

"May God give you, sir, and reward you, whoever you are. I believe you have saved my soul. I hope I shall never swear again."

## Happiness in the Marriage State.

This, says ALTON, can only be obtained from the most complete congeniality of disposition, and exact similarity of habits and pursuits.

No two persons can be entirely of the same mind and disposition, habits, and pursuits, unless over the most intimate and early association. It is in youth only that the mind receives the impression we would give it. It is then only the old habits are modified, and our conduct directed as we please. As we increase in life the habits govern us. It is not, therefore, better to marry young?

Tusk hilt with hawk, and branch with branch entwined.

Advancing still more closely they are joined; At length fall no more differences we see, But sted of ye, behold a single trout.

In it ye are best fitted in enjoy that exquisite happiness which the married state is capable of abiding, and the remembrance forms a pleasing link in the chain of friendship that binds together any number of years. The man who does not love ill-thy will never love. He will be two selfs.

## Solitude.

Solitude, except as an occasional exception to the common current of life, is certainly not to be recommended for either man or woman.

In this case, one is almost sure to become the victim of certain fixed ideas, approaching to the character of insanity. Prejudices which, if exposed to the sun of social life, would melt into air, insomuch as when with a riveted screw-bolt. Confident dogmatic conclusions, which could not well be open to attack, a day without being knocked down like bellies, for their insomuch, are cherished and refined, till they become the very tyrants of the mind which has engendered them. In this unnatural state, the feelings become equally vitiated.

The victim is reduced to a state of nervous irritability, which altogether unfit him for enduring the ordinary rule of life. The slighter real or supposed error in domestic arrangements, one way look or word from any one, striking on the universally delicate surface, makes him sore all over. If a multitude out of nothing, or next to nothing.

## Notoriety.

There is nothing like notoriety in this world. Wear a hat without a rim, or a coat with only one flap—live on pig's tails and salt, or keep a tame tiger—do something or other for notoriety, and if you don't get to Congress, or some other place of worship, we are much taken.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

## Domestic Receipts.

To SWARZEN RANCID BUTTER.—Please the role in pure water, in which there have been previously put from 25 to 30 drops of calidore of lime to every two pounds of butter. Work the butter, thoroughly, so as to bring every particle in contact with the liquid and then subject it to remain submerged for two hours, or longer, if rancidity was very great, after which withdraw and repeat the ablation in fresh water.

To PICKE EGGS.—Select as many fresh laid eggs as you please—boil them till they become hard, remove the shells and deposit them in jars. Then pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with allspice, white pepper, cloves, garlic, and a few rases of ginger.—When cold, cover them closely, and in a month they will be fit for use. Eggs prepared in this manner make an excellent accompaniment for cold meat. It is a good plan, after boiling the eggs, to plunge them into cold water, as this process greatly facilitates the removal of the shell, causing the eggs to appear perfectly smooth and unscarred.

To PICKLE ONIONS.—Divest them of the skin, and place them in jars, with a sufficiency of vinegar to cover them. A few mustard seeds and a blade of mace may be added. If it be desirable to preserve the whiteness of the onions, a spoonful of salid oil may be added.

To MAKE TOMATO CATCH.—Cut in slices, and on every layer sprinkle a little salt. Permit them to stand a few hours, then add a little horseshoe root, pepper, garlic and mace. Boil carefully, strain, bottle, cork and seal for use.—GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.

FOR BROKEN WARE.—White of

eggs and lime, (unwhitened,) well beaten together, constitute a valuable and durable cement for broken ware. A soft, delicate putty, made of common white lead and linseed oil, is also valuable for the same purpose. For China ware, powdered glass and whites of eggs make a tenacious, durable cement. Iron rust and clay, ground in common oil, make a cement that hardens under water.—OLIVE BRANCH.

DISINFECTING AGENT.—Room in which,

from any cause, there arises an unpleasant odor, may be freed of the obnoxious effluvia,

by placing a few kernels of coffee on a hot shovel, and allowing the aroma, or smoke, to be freely disseminated. It will dispel, effectually, the most powerful odor arising from putrid animal or vegetable matter. It has been much used and with excellent success, in localities infected by cholera, the pest season.

—OF BRENTH.

THE O. L. O.

TOO MUCH of a Good Thing.

A Freshman whose wife was about to pro-

test him with the food population of "father,"

returned to await the happy moment; and

with some difficulty took long life and a

name of his own. The first time he attended

the dining-hall, and was prodigiously popular,

the first meal was manifested by all

when he sat down.

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